

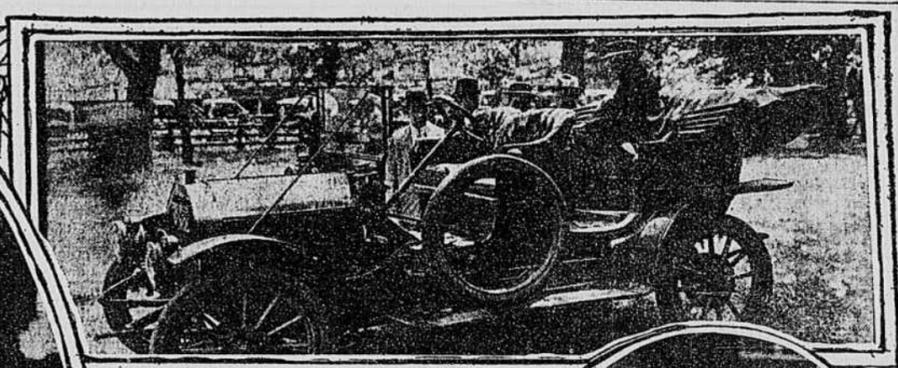
## Accusing Cousin Now Central Figure In Beattie Trial



DOUGLAS BEATTIE.



HENRY C. BEATTIE, JR. (SEATED), AND DETECTIVE L. L. SCHERER.



The Beattie Car.



L. O. WENDENBURG.  
(Photos by W. W. Foster.)



DR. HERBERT MANN.

DR. W. F. MERCER.

### ATWOOD WITHIN 25 MILES OF GOAL

Defect in Engine Forces Him to Land at Nyack.

### EXPECTS TO REACH NEW YORK TO-DAY

End of Journey Finds Aviator Holding World's Long Distance Record—Long Flight Down Hudson River Is Full of Picturesque Events.

Nyack, N. Y., August 24.—Another delay incident to aviation brought disappointment to thousands of people along the lower Hudson River and in New York City to-day, when Harry N. Atwood, in his record-breaking flight from St. Louis, failed to sail over New York and land at Sheephead Bay, but instead, on account of a defect in his engine, was compelled to land here, within twenty-five miles of his destination. To-morrow, probably early, Atwood expects to resume his trip and in a few hours finish the longest airplane flight ever achieved.

Atwood's position to-night is 1,840 miles from St. Louis, and just twenty-five miles from the heart of New York. His actual flying time for the distance, covered in eleven days, is 27 hours and 45 minutes.

Despite his failure to land in New York, the day's sail of 109 miles down the Hudson River gave Atwood, by seventy-six miles, the world's long distance record, formerly held by European aeronauts.

Atwood's flight down the Hudson was full of picturesque events. He covered the 109 miles from Castleton, where he ascended at 7:36 A. M., to Nyack, where he made his final landing at 11:33 A. M., in an actual flying time of 2 hours and 37 minutes. Starting from Castleton, just one hour and three minutes brought him over Kingston, opposite Rhinecliff, which marked his having surpassed by thirteen miles the previous world's long distance record of 1,164 miles.

Atwood's explanation of his failure to land at West Point, where the parade grounds were crowded with officers, cadets and citizens, was that he found the space allotted him too hampered. After sailing low enough to look over the prospect he rose again, sailed over the river and landed at Garrison, fifty miles from New York, where no one was waiting to greet him.

At 11:35 A. M. Atwood started again, purposing to make his last dart for Sheephead Bay and thus complete the trip. But he had not gone far when he discovered that wearing metal on his engine had worn away, and the mechanism was wobbling. Twenty-eight minutes after his last start, and when only twenty-five miles out of New York, he decided to descend here.

Atwood is working to-night on the broken engine of his aeroplane. Close as he is to the finish of his flight from St. Louis, the young aviator to-night said he faces the most embarrassing predicament of his long journey.

His airplane is in an awkward box, out of which he says only a south or

### ANOTHER BIG ROW THREATENS TAFT

Activity of Wickersham May Bring Cabinet Crisis.

### BANKING LAWS CAUSE RUMPUS

Attorney-General Says Holding Concerns Are Illegal; MacVeagh Says "No," and President Is Placed in Very Embarrassing Position as to His Course.

Washington, D. C., August 24.—Attorney-General Wickersham has precipitated a big Cabinet rumpus and caused to be put up to President Taft for settlement a question that is loaded with political dynamite. More serious in this respect, probably, than the Wiley case, in which Mr. Wickersham figured so prominently.

That Mr. Taft will not send a letter of thanks to his Attorney-General for the trouble about to be caused him, and that he may explode in such a manner as to give offense to Mr. Wickersham, were suggestions to-day from responsible officials of the administration. It was even hinted that there may follow some Cabinet changes as a result of this and other vicissitudes thrown upon the President by Cabinet officers who failed to settle the questions that primarily were within their province.

The situation at this time is caused by the National City Bank and National City Company case, which has been hanging fire for several weeks. Some unpurged facts about it are of interest now, in view of the importance it may assume in the Cabinet life and politics of the country before a great while.

Organized Holding Concerns. Several months ago something like three-fourths of the stockholders of the National City Bank of New York, a Standard Oil concern, used an extra dividend paid to them by that bank to organize the National City Company, a State chartered institution.

The avowed object of this company was to do a business that could not be done by a national bank. There is much that national banks are not allowed to do under the national banking laws of the country. They are not allowed to own stock in other national banks; they are not allowed to do a savings business; they are not allowed to own real estate, not to mention a number of other things.

Various State banking institutions have profited by these prohibitions, with the result that the State banks have been running the national banks nip-and-tuck races for fat profits. In self-defense stockholders of national banks some years ago began organizing subsidiary companies, some under the names of trust companies and some under other names.

The Secretary of the Treasury and the Controller of the Currency made no objection. There are at the present time something like 200 of these affiliated companies. The capital stocks of each are separate and distinct, according to Treasury officials, and the failure of one would not be affected by the other. The National City Bank, for instance, would not be impaired should the National City Company close its doors from bad management. There is simply an affiliation that is mutual, but in which the funds of each is not involved with the other. There is no law, it is pointed out, preventing the stockholders of a national bank from owning stock in an

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### PROBABLY LOST IN STORM AT SEA

Fears Felt for Safety of Steamer Martin and Crew of Ten Men.

### PARTY ON BARGE ESCAPES

Leaves Sailing Vessel in Yawl and Reaches Light-house.

Midland, Ontario, August 24.—The steamer C. C. Martin, of Midland, with a crew of ten, was probably lost in the storm on Georgian Bay Monday night. The barge Albatross, in tow of the Martin, sank during the storm, but her crew reached the lighthouse at the mouth of the French River last night in a yawl boat. Nothing has been heard from the Martin.

As soon as the survivors of the Albatross reported last night their battle with the storm, searching parties went out for trace of the Martin. They returned this afternoon without success.

The yawl boat, when it reached the lighthouse at the mouth of French River last night, bearing the survivors of the Albatross, two men, three women and two children, a girl of two years and a baby boy of two months, bore every evidence of a terrific contact with the elements. The craft had been buffeted about for thirty-six hours. There had been no food for the shipwrecked people since the Albatross went down. Some of them are now said to be in a serious condition.

Violent Storm. The Albatross is a sailing vessel of 217 tons, and was owned by the Midland Towing and Wrecking Company, Ltd. of Midland. While still in tow of the Martin on Monday afternoon she struggled violently against the storm.

But after the wind and waves had battered the plunging tug and strained that barge for several hours, the line parted and all hands aboard the Albatross made ready to leave the ship.

The thirteen-foot yawl was launched over the lee-side, and the women and babies were put aboard. The men had scarcely time to jump in and cast loose when the vessel sank. The wind picked up the yawl, and when all trace of the Martin was lost, Captain Dean, of the Albatross, riged a makeshift sail and tried to make the French River. Not until dusk Tuesday was the French River light seen, and the

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### ASK RECOGNITION OF FEDERATION

Failing to Get It, 25,000 Shopmen May Quit Work.

### HARRIMAN LINES INVOLVED

Several Conferences Held, but Amicable Solution Is Not in Sight.

Chicago, August 24.—A conference between Vice-President Julius Kruttschnitt, of the Union and Southern Pacific Railroads, and J. W. Kline, international president of the Blacksmiths' Union, was held here to-day without any steps being taken toward a settlement of differences involving 25,000 shopmen employed by the Harriman lines.

Both Vice-President Kruttschnitt and President Kline declined to discuss what was done at the conference, but it is said that the entire subject of the railroad's refusal to recognize the federated labor organizations instead of individual unions was considered.

It is said that Vice-President Kruttschnitt is following instructions of the directors of the lines in refusing to yield to the demands of the shopmen for recognition of the federated organization.

Shortly after the meeting Mr. Kruttschnitt left for the West, where he will spend two weeks investigating the labor situation.

The roads involved in the present dispute are the Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Central Pacific, Oregon Short Line, Houston and Texas Central, Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad.

Shop workers of the Illinois Central Railroad assert grievances similar to those claimed by the Harriman men.

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### HELD FOR KILLING THREE OF FAMILY

Young Man Arrested After Bodies Are Found in Burning Building.

### THREATS OF VIOLENCE MADE

Prisoner Secretly May Be Taken to Evansville for Safe-keeping.

Booneville, Ind., August 24.—Instead of being married to-night, as he had planned, Wm. Lee, twenty-one years old, is in jail, charged with the murder of his father, Richard Lee, his mother and his younger brother Clarence, whose blackened bodies, the skulls crushed with an axe or hatchet, were found early to-day in their burning home. Because of threats of violence against him, Lee may secretly be taken to the jail at Evansville for safe-keeping.

Coroner Farley began an inquest to-day. Lee calmly refused to make any further statement than that he was awakened early this morning by fire in the family home; that he dressed and then ran to give an alarm, and then returned to attempt to rescue his father, mother and brother.

An axe and hatchet, the heads covered with blood, were picked up in the house after firemen had put out the flames. Traces of kerosene were found on the beds and the floors. In a table drawer were insurance policies for \$5,000 on the lives of the father, fifty-two years old, and the younger son, seventeen years old. Cash amounting to \$300, the proceeds of the sale yesterday of some property owned by the Lees at Newburg had disappeared.

Four shares of the money from the sale had been given to William Lee for his father.

To Have Been Married. William Lee was to have been married to-night to Miss Mina Taylor, a daughter of a farmer living near Newburg.

Witnesses at the inquest told the coroner that Lee had quarreled with his father because the latter had not given him as much money as he thought he should have, in view of his approaching marriage.

Lee said he had heard no noise in the house and had no idea how or by whom his father and mother and brother had been murdered.

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## DEFENSE HOLDS ITS OWN, BUT CRUCIAL TEST YET TO COME

Death Grapple When Paul Beattie Takes Stand, Perhaps This Afternoon—Prisoner's Jaunty Air Departs as He Begins Desperate Fight for Life—Stifling Heat in Court Room.

BY JOSEPH F. GEISINGER.

The defense holds its own. Out of the first shuffle of the cards, with life or death the stake, the accusers of Henry Clay Beattie, Jr., drew nothing more tangible than a dreary repetition of inquest testimony, and closed a day of wretched heat and discomfort the gainer by little and the loser by one or two expectations that failed at the critical moment. It was not a determining test—there should be no mistake as to this. The State still stands firm as a rock in its conviction of ultimate success, and the fight has hardly begun.

But that the other side came into it strongly no man can deny. Skirmishing warily for position, seizing avidly every point, however small; scoring a little here, a little more there, it finished at sunset hopefully as it began, profiting most by the mishaps of the Commonwealth. It launched a final arrow late in the day—a bold and adroit stroke at the very foundation itself. Theoretically fraught with possibilities beyond imagining at this juncture, this really means nothing but one more exception on the list already long. The indictment will surely stand and the great trial go on.

### Ends With Both Sides Confident.

Both sides withdrew claiming victory, and overnight both, having measured strength and come to respect and fear each other, prepared all the more carefully for another day. A few hours more may bring the death grapple on. In the spotlight glaringly stands Paul Beattie, the accusing cousin, looming large. Upon him, hysterical and weak, seemingly hangs the issue now. How he will weather the storm gathering over his head none can say. If he stood alone, unsupported, well might the Commonwealth fear. But behind this striding the State has gathered much of its force, with witness upon witness to hold up his hands, however much he may quail before the searching, trapping wit of counsel or the disconcerting eye of his kinsman within the bar. Yesterday will shrink into insignificance when it comes to this—and it may come to-day.

### Anniversary of His Wedding Day.

And of the prisoner? On the first anniversary of his wedding day he came, charged with the murder of his bride, and faced his judges with little of the half-supercilious confidence of old. It was not the Henry Beattie of a week ago. Though scarcely just in such a crisis to watch and weigh every fleeting shadow upon the face of a man battling desperately for life, yet there were many who noted the change, and it cannot be ignored. For more than two hours in the morning he sat like a hunted animal at bay. Grim and silent, he saw the first measure of arms, keenly conscious of every move. Was Henry Beattie losing his nerve at last? Many asked the question, but none could answer. To-day he may come back cheerful and light-hearted again. There is no accounting for this strange boy. He is one of mystery and unfathomable depths, if ever one existed, shifting lightly from grave to almost gay. In the afternoon he brightened perceptibly and went again to his lonely cell. He may be innocent. The public does not believe it; the jury will determine it. Guilty or innocent, he is making a game struggle, in spite of his seeming panic when the first witness went on the stand.

### Defense Making Big Fight.

The defense snatched its hand—somewhat. Leaving out of consideration the possible final resort—insanity—it is evident that it will fight from ditch to ditch, yielding nothing. Standing dutifully on the prisoner's original story of the crime, it sets forth to prove it reasonable and true. Every technicality of the law will be invoked, and there are many, every loophole, however small will be tested; every slip in the opposite camp will bring a quick moment. Unimportant or not, any witness who comes will be raked with a steady fire. In the hope that he may yield something—no matter what. On such notes as these the defense will feed, and in the meantime, behind the scenes, draw up its lines for its great battle—the attack on Paul Beattie. Here it will win or lose the case, and all know it. As it stands, the cousin's confession connects Henry directly, definitely and undeniably with the murderous gun. The defense must disprove or discredit it. The Commonwealth says it cannot. And in the balance hangs the prisoner's life.

### Ghastly Crime Rehearsed.

In the first day the prosecution rehearsed the history of the crime. It set up Henry Beattie's story, with the determination of finally riddling it. It proved his association with the Binford woman. It showed that he spent hours with her on the very night before his young wife was done to death. It pointed to some variations in his accounts of that tragic moment on the Midlothian Pike. It proved, inferentially, that though his wife lay dead near him, the husband even then was comparatively cool and calm. It called to the jury's notice the supposedly telltale footprints near the roadway stump—but here the defense had a qualifying word to say. It laid emphasis on the character of the

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